

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Each small annexment, petie consequence
Attends the boiftrous raine, neuer alone
Did the King sigh, but a generall growne.

King. Arme you I pray you to this speedie voiage,
For we will fetters put about this feare
Which now goes to free-footed.

Rof. VVe will hast vs. *Exeunt. Gent.*

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, he's going to his mothers clofet,
Behind the Arras I'll conuay my selfe
To here the proffesse, I'll warrant shce'll tax him home,
And as you said, and wisely was it said,
Tis meet that some more audience then a mother,
Since nature makes them partiall, should ore-heare
The speech of vantage; fare you well my Leige,
I'll call vpon you ere you goe to bed,
And tell you what I know.

King. Thanks deere my Lord. *Exit.*

O my offence is ranke, it smels to heauen,
It hath the primall eldest curse vppont;
A brothers murther, pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will,
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent,
And like a man to double businesse bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect: what if this cursed hand
Were thicker then it selfe with brothers blood,
Is there not raine enough in the sweet Heauens
To wash it white as snow? whereto serues mercie
But to confront the visage of offence?
And what's in praier but this two-fold force,
To be forestalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon being downe, then I'll looke vp.
My faults is past, but oh! what forme of praier
Can serue my turne? forgiue me my foule murther:
That cannot be since I am stil posselt
Of those affects for which I did the murther;
My Crowne, mine owne ambition, and my Queene;

May

Prince of Denmarke.

May one be pardoned and retaineth offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offences guided hand may show by iustice,
And oft tis seene the wicked prize it selfe
Buys out the Law, but tis not so about,
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature, and we our selues compeld
Euen to the teeth and forehead of our faults!
To giue in euidence: what then, what rests?
Try what repentance can, what can it not,
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
O wretched state, O bosome blacke as death,
O limed soule, that strugling to be free,
Art more ingaged! helpe Angles make assay,
Bow stubborne knees and heart with strings of Steele.
Be soft as finnewes of the new borne babe,
All may be well.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I do it, but now a is a praying,
And now Ile doo't, and so a goes to heauen,
And so am I reuenged, that would be scand
A villaine kills my father, and for that,
I his sole sonne, do this same villaine send
To heauen.
Why, this is base and filly. — not reuendge,
A tooke my father grossly, full of bread,
Withall his crimes broad blowne, as flush as May,
And how his Audit stands who knowes saue heauen,
But in our circumstance and course of thought,
Tis heauie with him: and am I then reuendged
To take him in the purging of his soule,
When he is fit and seasoned for his passage?
No.
Vp Sword, and know thou a more horrid hent,
When he is drunke, a sleepe, or in his rage,
Or in th' incestious pleasure of his bed,
At game, a swearing, or about some act
That has no relish of saluation in't.

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Then